

Cho OTEEN

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PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

VOL. IV

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1919

No. 6



A Spectator in Congress

If you could attend the sessions of Congress you would learn of legislation that affects you now as a soldier and later as a civilian.

But you at Oteen can't be present while Congress Convenes.

Yet if you read THE ASHEVILLE CITIZEN you will know what Congress is doing.

The Washington Correspondent of The Citizen reports by wire every move that Congress makes.

And you get the news a few hours after it is news.

Start reading the Citizen tomorrow.

On sale at the Canteen.

THE ASHEVILLE CITIZEN YOUR NEWSPAPER

WE are handling a good many of the Soldiers'
Accounts, and we will Welcome
Your Business.



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Asheville, N. C.

The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

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1ST LT. H. W. KINDERMAN, M.C., U.S.A.



Vol. IV

Saturday, August 23, 1919

No. 6

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice, Oteen, N. C. Subscription rates, \$1.00 for seventeen weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

Our mind drifts to Andrew Carnegie—whose death occurred last week. We are not given to eulogizing, but may we not talk of him for a minute as a real American with a vision?

"From his early boyhood, amid poverty, with no one to lift or lead him, he stood upon his own feet and stepped out into the path nearest him, climbing upward year by year until he made his way.

"Born in Scotland, by his own words that he often said to people, 'starting poor, with nobody to lean on, with a cheerful spirit he did the best he could as opportunity offered.'

From the bleak days of a little village in Scotland, this ambitious boy whistled his way from an office boy to become a telegraphic expert, and, with remarkable vision, saw in the infant iron and steel industries his opportunity. His own city and state became known all over the world for the sagacity, foresight, public spirit and patriotism, of which the crowning example is the Hall of Peace at The Hague, which will ever stand as a testimonial of a great mind and a true heart.

Mr. Carnegie's life was a march of progress, and his generosity was only a measure of his great heart of sympathy for education and whatever benefited the welfare of human beings. He continually leaped forward and ahead of great improvements.

No, that Kenilworth game or series couldn't be arranged for various reasons, but that hasn't discouraged the Oteen team a bit. We've won several games during the past fortnight—and received a drubbing in one—which does the best organized body good now and then.

One thing becoming more and more apparent is the fusion of good sportsmanship into the team, and the good will being borne the team (and through the team the Hospital itself) by the citizenry of Asheville and folks all over the state. The Oteen nine is on a week's trip at the present time—and the reports have it they're doing themselves proud. It behooves you and me to get in back and push from now on—and keep on pushin'.

The time-worn plea of our manufacturers for a protective tariff was that they needed the protection of the government against foreign competition.

The gist of their plea was that the manufacturing industry in America was a "baby" industry—and that, to insure the workingman a full dinner-pail and for the good of the people in general, it was the patriotic duty of the government to nurse this "baby."

And the people, in their desire to be patriotic, elected men to Congress who stood for a protective tariff. The manufacturers got what they wanted.

Prices rose. Foreign-made goods became costly. And even American-made goods in

many cases were higher at home than abroad.

This experiment, to the common people, has been a very costly experiment.

And what is their reward?

No longer do we see small independent industries scattered throughout the length and breadth of this great land, furnishing opportunity to men with pluck and brains.

Instead, we see Wall Street owning or controlling more than half the wealth of the entire country.

Baby Business has become Big Business now—so big that it defies even the government.

Wall Street has become very rich—the American people very poor—so poor that today 60 per cent. of the people own only their clothes and a little cheap furniture.

A sturdy race of freemen has become a race of industrial slaves.

Only the instinct of self-preservation is left of what was once a cherished heritage.

Our industrial life has become a "socialized" humdrum existence, grinding the very souls out of workingmen.

But that is not all.

This hard-earned money of the workingmen and farmers of America—given freely for patriotic reasons to foster American industry—is now to be carried away to foreign—"greener"—fields.

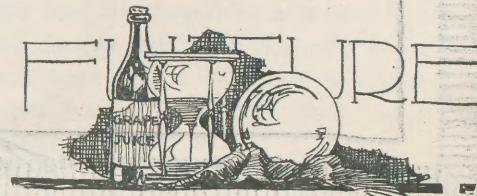
And while Wall Street is engaged in this gigantic plunder, the Security League and the Defense Society—and the rest of the Fifth Avenue silk-stockings brigade—will be yelling their heads off about patriotism and the Bolsheviks and the foreign-born laborers flocking back to the country, each with a few dollars in his pocket.

But it was ever thus. Steal a ride on a railroad—and you go to jail. Steal the railroad—and you become a financier and circulate among the "elite."

Really, Wall Street never was anything but a bunch of gamblers, anyway. And they are cheap gamblers at that. Their dice are loaded; their cards are stacked.

What do these gamblers care about America? What do they care spilling other men's blood to collect their booty?

"Like the lilies of the valley, they toil not; neither do they spin; but Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like most of them."



PUNCH

Why I Back The Legion

By *Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.*

THE American Legion is the spontaneous growth of the sentiments of the service men; its creed represents the thought of all; it is essentially a civilian organization; it is concerned primarily with the welfare of the United States and of its individual members. Among the thousands who aided in the early stages of its organization, there was absolute accord in the following principles:

First, the organization should be non-partisan politics. Second its membership should be composed of service men and women, regardless of whether they served overseas or were unfortunate enough to have their duty keep them in this country. Third, it should be really civilian and in its councils, general and private, admiral and gob would be treated on the same basis.

Through all of its actions, the doctrine of Americanism stands foremost. By it, the impulses of patriotism generated in the great war will be crystallized and preserved for the future good of the nation. Its fields of useful activity are bounded only by the desires of its members.

There has been much talk about the Bolsheviks, the I. W. W. and the Red Flag socialists. Many people have expressed fears concerning the attitude of our army or these menaces. There is no need for such fear. The strongest bulwark this country can have against lawless anarchy is this society composed of service men. The service man, having given up himself to the country, intend to see that this country which he loves comes to no harm.

It has been the policy of the American Legion, wherever I have come in contact with it, to play the game with all the cards on the table. The service man will not tolerate any other form of organization. He wishes, at all times, to be able not only to tell any one what he is doing, but equally to be able to find out anything that the organization, through some other branch, may be doing. To any one who knows the American service man this is absolutely normal. He is square and will not associate himself with an organization unless it is square.

The reason I urge all service men not only to join, but to take an active part in the affairs of this organization, is that through it they can express themselves. In its ranks they find the men who have done the same trick that they have done, and with whose ideas they are thoroughly in sympathy. They can make the organization what they wish, and I have no fear for anything that the organization may do so long as they take an active interest in it.

The history of the actions of the American Legion is as clean as a hound's tooth. For all the statements I have made above there is a guarantee in the actions of the caucuses composed of men drawn from every state in the Union, of every creed and race, of every walk in life that you find in the country. In no uncertain terms the St. Louis Convention registered itself on the Bolsheviks; in the confession of faith adopted at the Paris Caucus the same principles are set forth.

As a member of the American Legion, I feel I am a member of the body which most truly represents one hundred per cent. Americanism.



B

CAPS & CAPE

Deo et Humanitate
OVERSEAS ARMY NURSES TO AID
FIGHT FOR RANK

MEET MISS SHEHAN, OUR
NEW CHIEF

Yes, Miss Mary E. Sheehan is at Oteen as our new Chief, arriving a few days ago during some of our typical August mountain weather. Her real introduction preceded her to the Post in the shape of credentials and kind words from Grand Central Palace Hospital at New York, quite the largest hospital of its kind in the world, with a bed capacity of 3,500, where Miss Sheehan acted in the role of Chief Nurse. Nor is that the best part of her record, which spreads over eleven years of special work in the regular army. There has been no limit to the width of her experiences—service in the Great War overseas, and active duty on the Mexican border among other things.

Miss Sheehan is a sweet, affable person, and though having been with us but a few days, our one hope is that she is going to like our small division of the A. N. C. just half as well as we are growing to like and esteem her. Efficient she is proving herself—yet for all that quite the most human and kindly soul it has been our good luck to work under during our army service. And to you, Miss Sheehan, we pledge loyal support as our leader—and may you like Oteen.

Miss Margaret Cowling left some days ago, her application for resignation having been accepted, and has departed for Charlotte on an extended visit. The well wishes of every person in camp goes with Miss Cowling—and may she know that she has left a real impression on Oteen, both for splendid constructive work, and her strong personality.

++

Miss Cowden's discharge has come through, but she has announced her intentions of staying another week—because ()—well, John said that he was going to take another girl to the dance if she left!

Washington.—Army nurses who have been on overseas duty but are now demobilized, are expected to give interesting testimony before the Senate Military Affairs Committee to further the effort now being made to obtain rank for nurses in the army. The committee to obtain rank for nurses, of which William Howard Taft is chairman, announced this week from its Washington headquarters that these discharged nurses would likely be called as witnesses in the hearings soon to be held on the War Department's plan for the organization of the country's military forces.

In this plan for re-organization, the nursing corps is ignored so far as the extension of rank is concerned. The committee to obtain rank for nurses said in a statement issued today:

"Our Allies, Canada and Australia, realized several years ago that their nurse corps needed rank to function sufficiently and granted relative rank with conspicuously successful results."



Miss Jost delightfully entertained a small party of her friends Saturday evening at the Nurses' Red Cross, in honor of her guest, Miss Trollinger, of Seattle, Wash.

The evening was very pleasantly spent in dancing. Miss Jost's guests were: Misses Pye, Becket, Gorss, Horgan, Vaughn, Leib, Peterson, Netter, Harris, Brickle, Capt. Whitney, Capt. Robertson, Capt. Kamehiol, Mr. Driscoll, Lieut. Korneil, Lieut. Mitchell, Lieut. Anderson, Lieut. Williams, Lieut. Roberts, Lieut. Prees, Lieut. Boggese, and Lieut. Cheney from Pittsburg, Pa.

HELEN ON THE WEEK'S DOIN'S

Dear Marion:-

Last week we went on our first real rooting spree. Went to Canton in an O. D. truck. Such fun! Fun for every one except Miss Flewelling. The truck tried to take a short cut to the ball field through trees and fences, but it bumped its nose in a ditch and very one in the truck fell out on her wrist. It broke, so she had to return to the point of embarkation for repairs. When the rest got to yelling for our boys, they soon forgot their bumps and barked shins. Did you know you could jazz a motor horn? Well, ask Hoel, she sure did demonstrate it well. I am sure the noise we made helped to win.

You ought to have seen us mop up in Kenilworth on Saturday too. Our baseball team is sure coming out of it. Seems like the more interest we take in the team the more they pep up. One thing, you can tell the good fans by their voice the next morning.

A lot of the old faithfuls were discharged this week. We have a new chief, too. If we get the nurses from Kenilworth over here September 1st, we will have some family.

The reception for Col. Skelton and his wife, was one of the nicest, homiest affairs pulled off in this camp for a long time. Seems as if every one enjoyed having just the "Post family" for the change.

So Uncle Dudley is going back to Homeburg. Hope he has good luck with his "Home-Berg Bi-Weekly News Sheet." We will all miss him as he has been with us a long time.

There was a patient here that has been married to a nurse for over a month. He has been discharged recently and is waiting for his fair nurse to get her's. When you learn not to tell every one secrets I write you, I'll tell you their name or names.

Always your true friend,

HELEN.

"To uplift and to build"—



Reconstruction

According to a certain 2nd Lieutenant of the Sanitary Corps, who was O. D. on Monday, every couple coming in after eleven o'clock must give their names to the guard. We wonder why he was so anxious for this information?

★ ★

Miss Alderfer, Miss Morton and Miss Tozer, reconstruction aides, were transferred to Oteen last week. Miss Alderfer is an overseas aide.

★ ★

Miss Speed left Monday for Camp Sevier. She will help organize the Reconstruction work at that camp.

★ ★

Camp life has lost its charm for Miss Tull. She left for a short leave and has written back requesting her discharge. Not that we blame you for staying but we hate to see you go.

★ ★

Kenilworth is closing this week and the Reconstruction Department profits by two new aides, and all surplus material of the Reconstruction Department of that hospital.

★ ★

Mrs. Chace's sister, Miss Katherine DaCamera, is again with us. Mr. and Mrs. DaCamera are also here. They drove through from Miami, Florida. Miss DaCamera says she does not care so much for the Georgia roads.

★ ★

Breakfast is served in the sunparlor at the aides' barracks at eight o'clock

each morning. If you miss your breakfast—drop in.

★ ★

Six of the aides were left behind when the trucks pulled out for the ball game Monday, but they got there anyway! When Miss Lunger says "I'm going" she usually gets there.

★ ★

Private Bishop of E-5 tells a dreadful scandal on the Oteen boys at the Canton ball age. He says that he saw with his own eyes, twenty perfectly killing girls approach a truck loaded with starved rooters and beg and plead with the bashful soldiers to eat supper with them; and that the

boys all declared they had the headache, or the toothache and couldn't eat. Now what do you think of that? Missed the good old mess hall probably!

★ ★

W-3 probably has more famous characters than any other ward in the hospital. There is Stephens, the hermit! Burgess, who attends church in Asheville eight days out of the week, besides Sunday; Taylor, the married man; Jones, who wants to be, and has a hope-chest full of pillow tops; Rogers, a solo pianist; Garinzinsky, the actor; Sgt. Spear, who has the smoothest line of talk in forty-eight states; Quinn, who felt more sighing miles in France than any other man in the A. E. F. All of them are famous for their carving abilities. If you don't believe this take a look at that tree by their barracks, or ask Colonel Lyster!

★ ★

So it goes at night
When you sneak a light,
Some grouch on the porch
cries

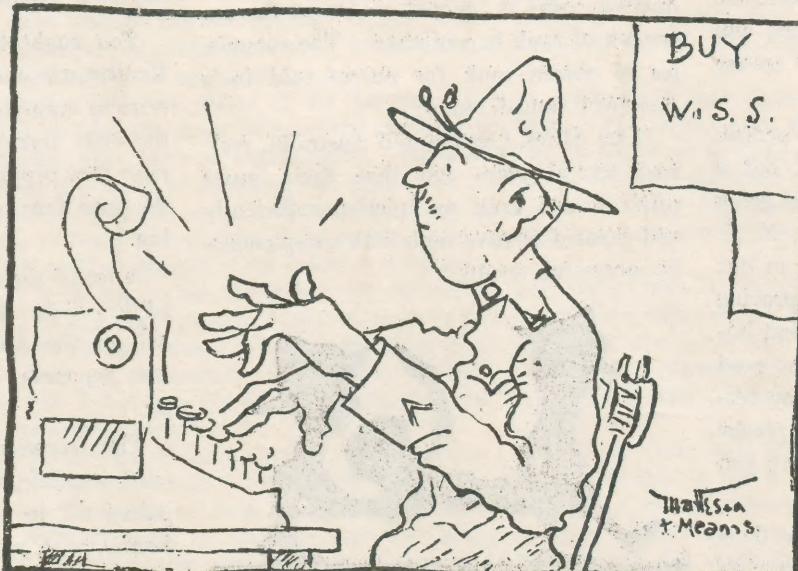
"Put out the torch
For without sleep I'll be a
sight!"

(Can't see that even
sleep improves some people.)

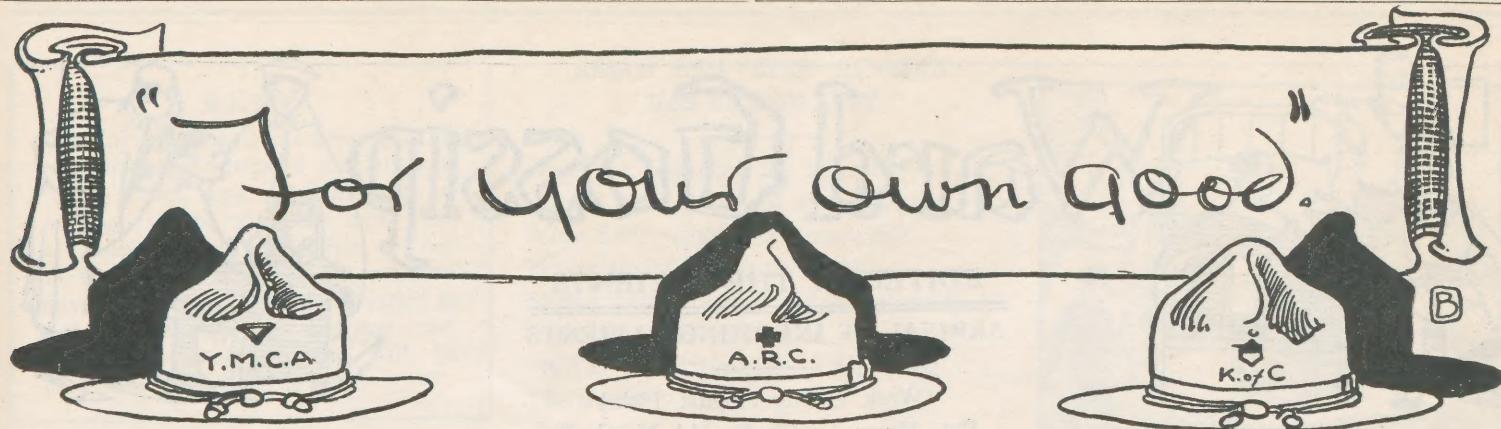
★ ★

There was a young lady
named Leete,
Gave a party most awfully
sweet.

But she's going away
And we fellows all say—
"Hi there, kiddo, say, be
not so fleet!"



dere mable ?
THIS i\$ tipeRITTING
i dun it mable wichh you WONT beleve becau\$ itt i\$ \$0
good,,,
NOBBODDY HELPT ME HONNIST Mable
i cum too the tiperitting skool Annd set d
own and Dun it
itt is a gifft the teecher Sez i have
TAILENT 1234567890
But i em not proud mable ***:
good HH ??)
\$o long
bill
i gess i cannt help doin 5*8:- THINGS



Some folks may make light of the feminine sex because they run from a mouse, but the masculine gender had nothing on the nurses who accompanied the ball team to Canton last Wednesday. When it was seen that no'ning could avert a spill the ladies proved that they had real stuff in their make up as they didn't utter a squeal.

▽ ▽

You may make light of the lowly peanut, but it is always gladly received by soldier boys. If you don't believe it ask the janitor if he didn't move the evidence last Friday morning. (Three bushels were furnished by the Baracas and Philatheas of the two Carolinas through the kindness of Mrs. N. Buckner, General secretary.)

▽ ▽

A back stop for the volley ball grounds, near the detachment mess, is promised. Result: shoe leather and profanity saved.

▽ ▽

Several detachment men and patients made their get away during he past week through the discharge and S. C. D. route. The way they donned civies caused one to wonder where they had had the pep stored up for the past weeks. They snapped into 'em.

▽ ▽

Fifty Asheville ladies have promised to be present at Sunday School tomorrow. Will you meet them there?

▽ ▽

Captain Alexander deserves a D. S. M. for the way he has put the play in the ball team. The men are with the good-natured leader and are on their toes and going all the time.

▽ ▽

Did you ever notice that the Segt. has a way of saying ball or strike in a tone of voice that is never disputed?

▽ ▽

Flowers for the living and a good slap on the back, coupled with a kindly word, do a heap of good. If you don't believe it try it once!

The movies at the Red Cross house for the week beginning Saturday, August 24d, will be as follows:

Saturday, August 23d—Clark—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Monday, August 25th—Hayakawa—"Secret Game."

Tuesday, August 26th—Pickford—"Little Princess."

Friday—August 29th — Fairbanks — "Reaching for the Moon."

Saturday, August 30th — Ferguson — "Song of Songs."

+

As U. S. General Hospital No. 12 at Kenilworth will be closed in a short time, the A. L. A. is moving the library from Kenilworth and adding it to the large number of books which the hospital library at Oteen already possesses. About two thousand books will be included in this connection, and it is expected that there will be some new books to interest you in this lot. Come in and ask Mrs. Rankin, the A. L. A. Librarian to find the book for you that you wish.

+

The Asheville Chapter of the Red Cross has given a number of hammocks to the Oteen Red Cross for use in Infirmary Wards, and five will be placed in the grove at the Red Cross house.

+

The dance given to the Detachment on Thursday evening was a wonderful success from every angle. The entire lighting arrangements were orange, which gave a soft glow to the building that was unusually effective. Dunn's orchestra furnished the music for the occasion, and gave entire satisfaction throughout the dance.

About seventy-five of Asheville's charming young ladies added much color and grace to the affair.

Chaperones were: Mrs. O. C. Hamilton, Mrs. Charles Malcomb Platt, and Mrs. Jos. Claverly, and much of the success of the dance was due to these ladies.

Things

Are in a great deal

Better shape

Now at the K. of C. Ranch than

They were a couple

Of weeks ago. You see

A while back we got awful

Low on supplies and they

Didn't seem to be able to get them

Through from Savannah

And then Bill

Fell ill

And Joe had to go home to see his

Little girl who was sick and

Our movie booth was delayed

And when it did come it was

Broken

But now

We have a couple wagon loads

Of supplies

And

Bill is much better

And Joe is back

And we have the booth fixed

And we

Don't feel quite so much

Like sitting down and

Holding our head in our

Hands and whispering

To ourselves—

Anyway,

We are not paid for worrying

But if

Sometime along about 1953

A gray-haired veteran of

The battle of Oteen

Shall take a grandchild on

His knee

And tell him that a bunch

Of K. C. Sec'y's. that he

Knew

Way back in '19 were a pretty

Good bunch of scouts.

We shall feel that Mr. Emerson's

Little old rusty Law of

Compensation is still on

The job

Selah!



Ward Gossip

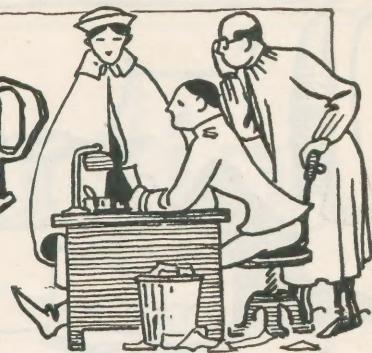
EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

ARRIVAL OF INCOMING PATIENTS

(Week ending August 19th.)

Pvt. Harry C. Myers, 314 M. G. Bn.;
 Pvt. 1st Cl. James W. Lucas, 162 Inf.;
 Pvt. George Henninger, Co. 14, 154 Depot
 Brig.; Pvt. Varl J. Kreuger, 58 Inf.; Pvt.
 Chas. R. Braden, M. G. Co., s. Cav.; Pvt.
 Chas. Evans, 323 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. Otis T.
 Sanford, 12 M G. Bn.; Pvt. Grover Lank-
 ford, 603 Engrs.; Pvt. J. B. Patrick, Cas-
 ual; Farrier Henry H. Green, Casual; Cpl.
 C. S. Alston, 3d Cas. Co.; Pvt. J. A. Hurst,
 Hdp. Co., 42 Art.; Pvt. B. A. Bean, 22
 Inf.; Pvt. Jackson Brown, 12 Lb. Bn.;
 Cook Geo. Mason, 348 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. 1st
 Cl. James A. Holland, 323 Lb. Bn.; Sgt.
 Roy Perry, 330 Lb. Bn.; Sgt. John Maddox,
 Med. Det., 8- Div.; Pvt. Brader T. Whit-
 lock, 118 Inf.; Pvt. Paul LaBillio, Base
 Hosp. No. 51; Sgt. Floyd G. Green, 314
 Am. Tr.; Pvt. Foster Gallup, 43 Inf.;
 Pvt. John E. Mayo, Troop "B," 14 Cav.;
 Pvt. Wm. D. Snone, Troop "M," 4 Cav.;
 Pvt. John Scott, Supp. Co.; 10 Cav.; Pvt.
 1st Cl. J. E. Potts, Troop "F," 7 Cav.; Pvt.
 1st Cl. John Philpott, 338 Lb. Bn.; Pvt.
 W. A. Allen, 28 Inf.; Pvt. Shields Lipton,
 59 Inf.; Cpl. Kelly L. Stover, 11 M. G.
 Bn.; Sgt. Herbert G. Young, 5 Inf.; Sgt.
 Wm. Kiefer, 5 Inf.; Pvt. Ignaz Nowisy,
 Cr. Div. Dem. Corps; Pvt. Sidney Dickey,
 Hdq. Co. 17 Inf.; Pvt. Linn Grayson, 13
 Dev. Bn.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Mark Ilka, 17 Inf.;
 Pvt. Latterio DiBlasi, Hdq. Co.; 10 Inf.;
 Pvt. Fred L. Gorsuch, G. S. I.; Pvt. E. F.
 Kelly, 4 Casual Co.; Pvt. Rice W. Alder-
 man, 154 Depot Brig.; Pvt. Will Carroll,

(Continued on Page 13.)



We have heard that "Blue Birds are for happiness," but if any one had been with us in I-1 one evening last week you would have seen that song come true for our faithful "Bluebird," Mrs. Pardee, and four or five of her sister Aides sure did spread happiness among us boys. Good eats are one of the few pleasures that a bed patient has access to here, and it was through our stomachs that our Aide made us happy. Instead of the usual "beans and spuds" our trays contained the things that appeal most to a fellow's appetite; home-made pie and doughnuts, fruit salad, ice-cream and candy, with "seconds" ad lib, and served with a smile and a pleasant word from our Aide friends. Who could not be happy with such treatment? The Aides do not have to do these things; it is because their hearts are in their work and they realize that Reconstruction is more readily accomplished if a man is happy.

—Sgt. H. W. H.

★ ★

A good recipe is offered our Corporal in Ward I-10 for his efforts to raise a mustache have come to nought. Try shoemakers' wax, old top, it's the best drawing-out affair in the world. Rub in well twice a day will guarantee that you will be able to use a curling iron in 10 days.

In appreciation of Miss Ernestine Lung-
 er's patient, whole-hearted endeavors in
 Reconstruction activities to the patients of
 Ward I-10:

R is for the Reason we should try it,
 E means Energy rightly applied,
 C is for the many Courses we can study,
 O means Organization true and tried,
 N is for the Necessity of us training,
 S means Security in future business life,
 T is for the Trades that they can teach us,
 R means Registering when we arrive,
 U is for Usefulness strong and persevering,
 C means Carry-On boys, strong to fight
 T is for the Teachers that do teach us,
 I means Ideas which we soon will master,
 O is Opportunity which we've been seeking,
 N means National aid now and hereafter.

—F. A. E.

★ ★

In reading Ward Gossip last week we could not help feeling that the Hospitals have made some men extremely selfish and unappreciative of what has and is being done for them. If the "I" Ward would "Rise to ask" and not be so self-centered they would probably learn that their Red Cross man has done as much or more for their ward than any other on this Post. Likewise, if Pvt. L. A. S.'s "press agent" would put on a more "sweet and faithful" disposition he would probably find he was the "crab" himself. To advertise for special attention looks mighty selfish to say the least.

—H.



NOTICE

Many complaints are coming to us regarding non-receipt of subscriptions to the Oteen, and discontinuance of numbers before expiration date. We are endeavoring to straighten out our subscription book, and will welcome any correction. If you have failed to receive back numbers, mention that, and our business manager will be pleased to send them to you.

THOSE SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIES

Personally we don't care if Asheville goes as dry as a bone over Sunday—be it in wine, women or song. Those live-wire K. C. secretaries have made it possible to kill the deadliest day of the week in this Post by inaugurating a top-notch, open-air moving picture evening, with an up-to-the-minute orchestra. The inaugural night was last Sunday evening—and the enthusiasm shown proved it an instant success. So, every Sunday night from now on you're welcome down to the K. C. where a live picture will be shown—cigarettes are always free for you—if they have 'em and, *everythings free!* The fun starts at 8:30.

★ ★

"LOOT" GBURCZYK DESERTS US

Yes, sir, as a soldier he's been a derned fine ball player—and just when we're needing him the most he up and leaves town. He may be small in stature, but ain't he got one wallop with that jimmy stick? Been batting consistently for over three hundred and a quarter.

The S. G. O. honored his request for relief this week, and he sails Chicago way the day you'll be reading this.

Personally every one will miss Lt. "Burcuk"—yet, as we've said of so many others, may the best of luck tag onto the tails of his morning coat!

★ ★

EMERGENCY OFFICERS WILL BE GIVEN THE PREFERENCE

Washington.—Emergency officers who served during the war with Germany and who still are in the service will be given first consideration in filling vacancies in the regular army, the war department announced today. Those who have been honorably discharged although expressing a preference for permanent service, will be the second class from which appointments will be made, and those who did not ask to be retained will come next. The order is dependent upon necessary legislation being passed, the announcement said.

SERGT. BEN "BILL" HEYMAN HAS UP AND LEFT

Some one remarked the other day "Uncle Sam" sure had an inspiration When he hired that guy, cause he's Proven himself better than just a Soldier. He's carried his individuality Right up to the end. And we use "Bill's" own expression—"Ain't that The truth?"

★ ★

And now he's gone back into the North—back, we take it, to Cultivate the flowers and ways and Chickens he so suddenly abandoned Two years back. His forte in the army Was dispensing his "Bill" philosophy. We don't know how many other Things he did, but he did that Derned well—the Bill letter

★ ★

In civil life Ben's forte was The Brewery and selling the Appurtenances for its proper Running. With the going out of Beer in social circles—

And Ben Heyman from Oteen—there Cannot but be a void. Yet we have A surety we'll find Ben in the later Years, still with his streak of Real unselfishness and genial Good fellowship. Perhaps selling Prayer books.

★ ★

We're not going to carry the Bill Letters on—as some "boob" said we Might if we had brains. We have no Brains for that—but we can carry Ben and Bill in our hearts as being The most human pair of companions We've had during these trying days of Duty on the Oteen front. Good-bye! And may the years do well by you both.

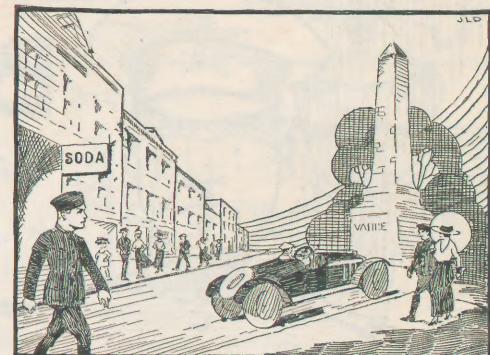
WE'RE FOR YOU, MR. JENKINS

The unstinted praise of every member of the Post goes out to Mr. L. L. Jenkins, of Asheville, who through his philanthropy and whole heartedness, has provided endless entertainment and amusement to the enlisted forces at Oteen, as well as the Nurses and commissioned men.

★ ★

Lt. Larson: Hey, Bennett, what you tink of this here wah?

Bennett: This here war ain't so bad, "Loot," but this Emergency is Hell!



DOINS OF OUR OWN WHITE WAY

Speaking of H. C. L., we wish Asheville's mayor would investigate the cost of White Mule—sold under his office window at 8 beans a pint. 'Tain't the cost—its the imposition!

★ ★

Now, we don't begrudge a horse thief his gain, but it sure gets our cork when affidavits are supported which read "My zaxaphone playing will suffer if I'm not returned to civil circles." What ho, Sgt. Newell?

★ ★

Boss Baker pushes the fatal date up to November 1st. Howsoever, he can't make us sore.

★ ★

Scandal is rife that the Distinguished Service Muddle is being awarded to Lt. Bob Murray, Infantry.

★ ★

Paddy Donovan says he now gets the full force of that soul-stirring expression: "The army and navy forever!"

★ ★

Oscar Hammerstein and Red Heyman gone. Gosh, life don't seem the same. But as one beautiful lady said: "Wasn't he a wonderful soldier?"

★ ★

Daylight seems to be about the only thing a fellow can save around these parts these days.

★ ★

Great stuff those ossifer-fashion-plates at Grove Park Inn Saturday evenings—six—count 'em! Perhaps some day we can get some kindly disposed politician of the male species to pay our grub check, and we'll lounge-lizard till the cows come home.

★ ★

The soaring price of shoes make us ponder on the vital question of whether it is better to stay in army hobnails, or be discharged and go bare-footed.



What's the use? Just as we had gotten some one broken from calling on the phone here for "Lieut." Field Sparrow, along comes some poor misguided female and sweetly inquires for "Chaplain Williams." After which we say there ain't no use, and sadly give up reform work and spend all our time watching Capt. Adams demonstrate his skill on the pool table—an everlasting demonstration.

★ ★

There is a certain "Loot" here that needs to be taught the fact that eleven thirty p. m. isn't the proper time to be driven up in the front of the West Porch of O. W. 1, in a machine full of ladies, and they have a long and vociferous farewell chatter. Said fact has been deeply engraved on one brick, extra heavy, and said fact will be duly impressed on said "Loot's" cranium at the next psychological moment. Such are the law of the Bolshevik.

★ ★

Some guys are beyond help. F'rinstance, there is the "Loot" who goes to the Hall of Moses early in the morning and gobbles the following tidbit: half the fruit on the table, cereal, three fried eggs, four to six raw eggs, four slices of toast, four glasses milk, bacon and coffee—and then goes to sick call and protests because his appetite is away below par. What-n-Sam-Hill are you gonna do fer a guy like that?

★ ★

"Try anything once" seems to be the motto of one dashing Lieut. of imposing proportions. Having tried Gas Engines, Bus Driving and Potografting with more or less success, he has now turned his talents to the dramatic and is deep in the study of the part of Romeo. He takes to it kind of easy.



GIVE A THOT TO BILLY SHURE

Sometimes things just naturally look so blamed dark that you find your disposition on the verge of an attack of colic. After you've been trying every known way of getting back to a life of usefulness for more than four months and then along comes word from the royal sanctum saying that you have been a "civvie" for six months, the old disposish is given a severe strain. We started to rant, mentally, and so took ourselves off to the side of a hill to mull things over before we did something we'd be sorry for. We knew that the best old dad in the world has been sick during those six months and longing to have a talk with us. We knew that we had a real work to do on the outside—and it was mighty hard to smile.

Then we thought of a little chap we knew in a small country town in Minnesota, where we spent the early years of our life. His name was Billy Shure. Billy was one of these boys who saw the sunshine in life no matter how tough things broke for him. He never poked mean jokes at the other boys in the village, and was always helping the weaker kids over the hurdles. Billy was just naturally so full of love and happiness that he exhaled it from morning 'till night, whether the day be dark or bright.

One day a bunch of boys were standing at the top of the school steps during recess, when one of the larger boys came out and pushed Billy Shure. There was no harm meant, but Billy lit on his back and suffered a spinal injury from which he never recovered. Billy lived for years before passing on to where the sun always shines, and his cheerful attitude and sunny personality lived with him.

As he used to swing along on crutches toward the ball field where he had formerly dreamed of being a star, that same sincere smile played on his lips and he seemed to take full enjoyment out of the fact that other people were having a good time. Thus Billy Shure wended his slow way down the broad highway of life, one of the countless individuals whose praises go unsung, but who save the rest of us from ourselves.

So, we decided that Billy would have considered our woes as rather a good joke on himself, had he been in our place, and we came back from the mountain side feeling a little ashamed of ourselves.

Wonder What a Guard Thinks About?

—Apologies to Briggs.

WONDER WHAT A GUARD THINKS ABOUT. - WITH APOLOGIES TO BRIGGS -



WE THANK YOU, MR. COMINS
E. Gloucester, Mass.

Dear Sgt. Radford:

I am very glad that The Oteen is printing as covers the reproductions of my paintings: "The Wounded Soldier," "The Come Back" and "The Kiltie." Your readers may be interested to know that they are part of a series of portraits I am painting of "Just the Doughboys." At any rate, I find these men of interest to paint, and they will form part of a collection of Records of the Great War. Let me add that I think you have printed them extremely well.

Cordially,
EBEN F. COMINS.

WAR DEPARTMENT DENIES ONE OF PET BELIEFS

Col. J. H. Adams, chief of the subsistence division of the War Department, has emphatically denied that sodium nitrate (sali-petre) is used in army foods.

Officials assisting in distribution of surplus army food in Washington state that many queries have come from housekeepers here as to the truth of the report that saltpetre had been introduced into army food.

"The only use for saltpetre in army food is in the curing of bacon," said Col. Adams. "It does not enter the bacon, and never reaches the stomach of the consumer. Sodium nitrate is never introduced into army food."

VICTORY RIBBONS READY THIS MONTH

Distributors of Victory ribbon bars will start delivering them on August 9, the War Department announced. Four hundred thousands bars will be sent to recruiting stations and army posts in the first shipment. Victory medals will be distributed through the same agencies later.

FROM NOW ON

A stream of visitors we see,
Ain't he the lucky feller!
Oh, no, he's not. They've heard that he
Has some booze in his cellar.

The BATTLES of BRUNO

(Oteen's Own War Story)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

(We left our hero in the moonlight on a country road with a beautiful woman in a flowing white robe running frantically toward him holding out her arms and yelling for help. How many novels that you have read lately have situations as exciting as that in them We want to know.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

As Bruno stood there the lady in white took two leaps toward and came to a full stop with both arms around Bruno's embarrassed neck, and with her head buried in his rapidly expanding chest. Bruno hadn't any idea what it was all about, but you couldn't say that he really suffered. He just stood there and awaited developments.

The lady spoke:

"My hero," she murmured.

Bruno has been called that so often by so many distressed damsels that he answers to it as readily as he used to respond to mail-call when he was in this man's army. But it didn't make much difference what he said, for this lady kept right on with her half-Nelson and murmurings with her head still buried in Bruno's snappy cravat that he paid two beans for in the city.

And, standing thus, Bruno observed approaching down the road the figure of an extremely well-built man who looked as if he were sore about something. Then and there, Bruno began to uneasy.

"Chickee," he said in a low voice in the lady's shell-like ear. No response. "Leggo," said Bruno, louder as the man came nearer. Not a move. Finally, just as the stranger was ten feet away, Bruno, with a convulsive effort, broke away from the lady's embrace and took up the position of a boxer, as demonstrated in all of our best training camps.

But strangely enough the man never paid any attention to Bruno. He walked straight up to the woman and said:

"Hattie, wake up. I told you not to eat them cucumbers."

The lady started violently, shivered, rubbed her hand across her eyes, and then, in a perfectly normal voice, said:

"I'm sorry, Aaron. I really must cut out these late suppers."

The man turned to the Achilles-like Bruno.

"You can put down your dukes, young fellow," said he, "the fight is off. This lady is my wife, and whenever she eats cucumbers she walks in her sleep. I don't see how she got out of the house, but I guess it was by the side window. Come along home with us, if you haven't any place to go, and we'll put you up for the night."

All the while the lady was chuckling to herself.

"Don't it beat all?" she laughed, "the funny-looking birds that I pick out in my sleep? Last time it was poor Mr. Winterbotom, the undertaker's assistant. He was so scared when he saw me coming that I chased him clean down to the post office and only woke up when I fell into the watering-trough. And now look what I got." She pointed at Bruno and her clear, silvery laugh ran gaily down the deserted road.

It turned out that Aaron and his wife were in the motion picture business. Bruno told them about his ambition to become a canal-boat captain, and how hard it was to find any canals to be a captain on. Then it was that Aaron made a suggestion that influenced Bruno's entire future.

"Why not go in the moving picture business as a scenario writer?" said Aaron.

"I never wrote no scenarios," said Bruno doubtfully.

"Splendid," cried Aaron, "you are just the man we are looking for."

"All right," responded Bruno, "when do I start?"

"Right now. There is paper and a pencil and a book that tells you how to write a scenarios. Hattie and I are going down to the studio and you can have the house to yourself. By lunch time you ought to have the first scenario finished, and we will read it after lunch."

Bruno worked quite hard all morning and as soon as the lunch things were put away he read Aaron and Hattie this scenario:

"Aladine is the daughter of a wealthy shoe merchant, who owns all of Chicago that the Armours haven't any use for. She comes to New York to visit a school friend, who is on the stage. Aladine decides to take up the theatrical business. The first manager to whom she applies is smitten by her natural grace and remarkable beauty. He employs her. Madly in love, he attempts to kiss her at her second rehearsal. She repels him. The star is taken sick. Aladine, as understudy, goes on in her place and brings down the house. But her tremendous success does not turn her head. Instead, she marries the assistant manager in one of her father's chain of New York stores, who kicks the theatrical manager down stairs in the big fight scene and then jumps on his neck as he lies discouraged at the bottom. Adeline and her husband return to Chicago where the shoe merchant gives them his blessings, and in the final picture a little baby's head hovers like a cherub above the entwined heads of the happy couple. The name of the picture is 'The Forgotten Sin.'"

(To be continued.)



A BEAUTIFUL LADY IN WHITE RAN TO HIM

Bruno went along, not exactly relishing the outcome of an adventure that gave promise of something decidedly more romantic than the effects of late cucumbers on the female digestive tracts. But as he was a long way from home and had taken a solemn vow upon leaving France never to sleep in the open again, Aaron's invitation looked like his best bet, and he soon found himself tucked away in a comfortable bed.

The next morning at breakfast he told his host and hostess how he had broken the Hindenburg Line, and what the Crown Prince was reported to have said when he heard that Bruno had arrived at the front.



"Romantic love is going. . . . It is one of those delusions that could be explained out of existence." We read it—somewhere in a bit of literary criticism—and we doubt it. The doubt takes us back to a specific moment in a confessedly important year, when a great number of men were being moved across a great ocean, in the face of difficulties. . . . The time is early twilight. The brown walls of a ship's cabin enclose the scene, except where open ports and doors reveal areas of the Southern Ocean banded brown and blue, shaken slowly and smoothly like velvet curtains in a breath of wind.

At a table in the room is seated a man in the uniform of an officer of the United States army. Before him are piled letters—hundreds of them. He is reading them rapidly for daylight is failing, and in the submarine zone ships are black at night. Look over his shoulder: "Dearest Alice," this one begins. It is written with the stub of a pencil, and one word in four is misspelled, but the ideals are of early Victorian love-in-a-cottage after the war. "My Dear Miss Johnson"—this one is formal, heart-broken over a cold farewell, yet half hopeful that circumstances will play fair. "My Own Ruth"—another beginning so, ends thus, in romance: "In the evening after you have read this, go down to the honeysuckle arbor by the side gate. Lift up the board of the seat—there is a little package in there for you. I put it there the last night I had a pass to go and see you. I wanted to give it to you, but just couldn't come up to it. It will be months before I can get your answer, but I am going to write every day, just as though I knew you had put the ring on for me. I have got to believe it. And when I come back, we. . . . "O. K.," wrote the uniformed censor, and signed his name. Then he rose and stretched himself. Somehow there seemed an odor of honeysuckle in the room.

HIS PROBABLE ACTION

"I notice a good deal in the papers about our soldiers taking up farming when they return from overseas," musingly said honest Farmer Hornbeak. "So, probably, by this time next year I'll be deferentially saying: 'Pardon me, Colonel, but the dinner horn has just blown,' or a trifle more briskly, 'Captain, them hogs is out again,' or yelling in no uncertain tones, 'Lieutenant, dad-durn your onrery pictures, do you want to lay abed all day?'"

—From *The Country Gentleman*.

A detachment of negro soldiers walked into the center of a German ambuscade of machine guns, which without broke loose at the rate of several thousand shots a minute. Simultaneously two colored infantrymen from Dixie started for the Mason and Dixon line. After an hour's running one of them looked back. "Hey, dar niggah," he shouted to his comrade, "Look at dem flies a following you."

"Get out of my way, fool," yelled the other, "dem ain't flies, dem's bullets."

Lt. Sullivan's flivver burst suddenly into flames and he made a mad dash for the medical property room to secure a fire extinguisher.

"Quick," he shouted, "a fire extinguisher. My car is on fire."

"There you are, sign for it," insisted Sgt. Bartels as he clung to one end of the extinguisher and procured a requisition blank with the other.

C. O.—Will you accept a sergeancy or a commission?

B. P.—I am a poor man and would rather work on a straight salary.



READING ROOM WAR CAMP COMMUNITY SERVICE
SIXTEEN BROADWAY, ASHEVILLE



"Went t' the Watermelon Feat what th' gals o' th' Roberts S. S. Class o' th' Central Church giv up on Sunset Mt., th' tother nite en yer Ole Uncle Dudley hankers t' rar up en proclaim that when it kums t' reel, ginnywine, bang-up, A-No.-1 fun frolics, them there leetle gals shore know th' how en whyfore o' pervidin' th' same. Ain't had so much gol-dinged fun sinct th' time I tied th' firecrackers t' th' Kunnel's dog's tail, en swiped his ice cream freezer. Them there gals shore hit th' right spot in yer Ole Uncle's heart.

★ ★

Atter havin' looked in on one o' these dress-up-t'-beat the blazes dances, I would like t' know whether it iz proper t' say a Female dresses er *undresses* fer sich affairs!"

★ ★

"When Woodrow quit spoutin' bout this here 'Leeg o' Notions' en started on ole H. C. o' L., he struck sumpin' what folks understand, en sumpin' thet they hev a durned site more interest in."

★ ★

"When ye hear a feller makin' loud talk 'bout how he ketches th' females, ye kin seldom thet ef one even looks at him his gizzard turns a handspring. It iz these here quiet fellers what don't do no talkin' thet ye want t' keep an eye peeled fer!"

★ ★

"Th' quiet hunter iz' th' one thet ketches ole Mr. Coon en tans his hide!"

★ ★

Thet Kenilworth gang of ball-crabs are no more—hurrah! En our Oteen boys ere tryin' ter bill what them boobs seemed ter regard as th' last rekusite—a name fer bein' good sports. More power ter ye fellers!

The Observer

THE LITERARY BIRDS FLOCK TOGETHER

The Literary Club held its regular meeting in the "Little Red Cross house" Tuesday. Several violin selections were beautifully rendered by Private "C", and accompanied by Sgt. Bischoff. Then followed a debate by six well-known members of the Post. Subject, "Is it better to marry than die an old maid?"

The speakers lost no opportunity to remind us of shining examples of both sides of the question to be found on our own Post. Much cleverness and real humor was displayed by both sides.

Major McFarland presided in his usual clever way. Capt Hayes and Mrs. Baker acted as judges—they being unable to come to an agreement—the chairman put the question up to the audience who, in turn, could not agree.

Every one left feeling much better for their many hearty laughs of the evening and looking forward to the next meeting.

ASSIGNMENTS OF RECONSTRUCTION AIDES EFFECTIVE AUG. 11, 1919

Abrams, W-2—1-3.
Baker, I-2—E-4.
Blatherwick, C-I—W-4.
Biggerstaff, W-3—E-5.
Chace, I-6—.
Cheesebrough, I-9—N-I.
Dougherty, I-11—E-2.
Tozzer, I-4—.
Hardy, I-8—O.P.-2.
Morton, I-7—E-2.
Lunger, I-10—E-8.
Pardee, I-1—E-10.
Rosen, I-5—E-7.
Harter, O.P.-1—O.P.-2.
Gray, I-6—.

Lt. Bissonnette (on a Saturday morning inspection; finding Ben Heyman opening his eyes at 9:00 a. m.): "Hey! what the hell do you think this is, a summer resort?"

A farmer once called his cow "Zephyr,"
She seemed such an amiable hephyr
When the farmer drew near
She kicked off his ear,
And now he's very much dephyr.

Willie, looking for some fun,
Sawed his legs off one by one.
"No more stockings," mamma said,
"Willie's such a saving lad."



TO A PIPE

Good-bye, old dear. You, too, must go,
Since cruel laws ordain it so.
No more shall we together stray
Through drowsy dreams of yesterday,
Nor cozy twilight musings know.

No more may I coax, sure and slow,
Your fragrant amber bowl to glow
With charm that never lost its sway—
Good-bye, old dear.

Boon comrade of all joy and woe,
Who helped me bear hard luck's worst blow,
And made my happy hours more gay,
Now they have banished you away,
Each hour more lonely I shall grow—
Good-bye, old dear.

—C. B. in *Life*.

DEVOTION

Tall she was, and pale—the exquisite pallor of a fine, white skin. Her black garments served only to make her pallor more attractive—garments that draped the lissome curves of her superb young form, revealing as much beauty as they concealed.

She glanced neither to the right nor to the left, nor was she conscious of any scrutiny. Her large dark eyes, wistful in vision, gazed through, beyond and above; her face held that look of flawless purity with which Leonardo has vested in Madonnas.

About her neck hung a chain of gold and amethyst, the pendant cross of which was clasped between her tenuous fingers. Her lips moved silently, unceasingly in earnest dedication and zeal. It seemed as though she poured her very soul from out those silent, moving lips, awesome in their ceaseless rhythm. Was this devotion—devotion for some well-beloved—some cherished heart torn from her breast?

No, she was chewing gum.

—*Life*.

Mary had a little lamb,
She fed it kerosene;
One day it got too near the fire
Since then it's not benzine.

An ether drunk's a glorious drunk,
One sees the queerest sort of things:
A dancing keyhole's commonplace
Beside a jardineer that sings.

A BEAUTIFUL 21 MILE RIDE VIA

Hendersonville-Asheville Interurban Co., Inc.

GLOVER T. ORR, Manager

CHAS. McMANAWAY, Asst. Mgr.

Summer Schedule, Effective July 1, 1919.

HENDERSON'VE TO ASHEVILLE

Leave at	9:00 a. m.
Leave at	10:00 a. m.
Leave at	1:30 p. m.
Leave at	6:00 p. m.
Leave at	7:00 p. m.

ASHEVILLE TO HENDERSON'VE

Leave at	8:30 a. m.
Leave at	10:00 a. m.
Leave at	1:00 p. m.
Leave at	4:00 p. m.
Leave at	6:00 p. m.
Leave at	7:00 p. m.

SUNDAY SCHEDULE

HENDERSON'VE TO ASHEVILLE

Leave at	9:00 a. m.
Leave at	2:00 p. m.
Leave at	6:00 p. m.

ASHEVILLE TO HENDERSON'VE

Leave at	9:00 a. m.
Leave at	1:00 p. m.
Leave at	6:00 p. m.

*Cars leave Hendersonville from Rose Pharmacy
Cars leave Asheville from Smith's Drug Store*

BEFORE AND AFTER JULY FIRST

Things were amiss,
In days of bliss
When
we
would
stagger
home
like
this.

But now, oh my,
You'll find that I
Come
Home
Like
THIS
The
Country's
DRY!

UNIQUE "TRIBUTE" PAID
SHAVE TAILS

New York.—Doughboys arriving on the transport Zealandia brought so many mascots with them that the parade down the gangplank resembled movies of Noah's Ark.

There were two parrots, two bears, two goats, a varied assortment of dogs, a colony of rabbits, enough birds to stock an aviary and—

A couple of monkeys dressed in khaki uniforms, with the insignia of second lieutenants.

KODAK



CALL TO SEE OUR LARGE LINE OF KODAKS & BROWNIE CAMERAS, ALSO BRING YOUR FILMS TO BE DEVELOPED.

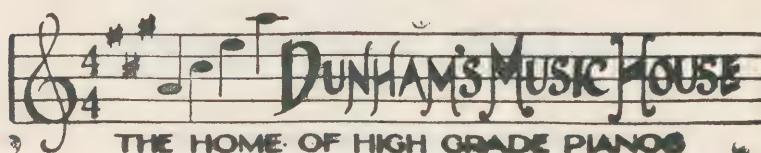
Robinson's Photo Supply House



DRINK

Coca-Cola

EVERY BOTTLE
STERILIZED



CHOP SUEY

CHOP SUEY

AT THE CHINESE AND AMERICAN RESTAURANT AND
ORIENTAL ROOF GARDEN LOCATED AT 8 N. PACK SQ.

Private Booths. Music. Open until 12 midnight. The only one in Asheville.

FOLKS SAY WE HAVE THE BEST COOK IN TOWN. PERHAPS SHE ISN'T THE BEST, BUT WE KNOW SHE IS ONE OF THE BEST FROM THE WAY FOLKS ENJOY OUR MEALS. PRICES WITHIN REASON.

The Haywood Grill

33 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

“WEAVERVILLE LINE”

Cars Leave Asheville Every Hour on the Hour

from 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. except 2:00 p.m. Also at 6:30 a.m., 6:30 p.m., 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. On Sundays at 9:00, 10:30, and 11:00 a.m. 1:00 p.m. and every hour until 6:00 p.m. 8:00 and 10:00 p.m.

WEAVERVILLE

IN THE Foothills OF THE CRAGGY MOUNTAINS

DANCING AT LAKE JUANITA
TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS 8:30 TO 11: P.M.

Office and Waiting Room
35 Broadway

Asheville & East Tennessee Railroad Company

WOULD I?

Was once a time that I remember
Not so long ago,
When I wore stuff I had to buy
Myself with hard-earned dough;
When off to work I went each day
An' hung upon a strap,
An' tried to save a cent o' pay;
I found it was no snap.

Now I ain't got no rent to pay,
Nor have I gotta worry;
No dates to bother me next week,
'Cept with gals I curry,
An' I've got shirts what's gave to me,
An' socks an' things an' suits,
An' shoes an' gloves an' overcoats,
An' blankets, grub, an' boots.

I eat my three square meals each day,
An' them's gave to me free,
An' I can get a full night's sleep
From taps to revelle.

An' every month my pay comes thru,
More now than thirty per,
An' I get cheap insurance, too;
To take good care o' her.
I'm sure in luck, for things is swell,
An I know I've got it good.
But—would I go back where I was?

YOU BETCHER LIFE I WOULD!

—Pvt. Irving Shaffner.

THE BIGGEST, BUSIEST, BEST, AND MOST POPULAR PLACE TO
MEEET YOUR FRIENDS IN THE CITY

GOODE'S DRUG STORE, Inc.
Druggists

PHONE 718

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE OTEEN HOSPITAL
BUYS ALL OF ITS
FISH

FROM

The
Asheville Fish
Company

SMITH'S DRUG STORE
“ON THE SQUARE”

HOSPITAL SUPPLIES, RUBBER GOODS, SPECIAL TRUSS-FITTING
DEPARTMENT. EXPERT IN CHARGE.

THE BUSY CORNER

PHONES: PRESCRIPTIONS 116, SUNDRIES 117, YOURS 117

What an Endorsement
for QUALITY this is!

MORE OFFICERS FAVORED

Prompt action is to be taken by Congress to continue emergency officers for another year in so far as they may be necessary to properly carry on the work of the army. The bill of Chairman Wadsworth, of the Senate Military Committee, authorizing the retention of emergency officers until July 1, 1920, with the stipulation that the officer personnel of the army shall not exceed 18,000, was promptly reported by the Senate committee after Secretary Baker and General March had appeared in its behalf. A similar bill was introduced in the House by Chairman Kahn, of the Military Committee, and it is expected no delay will be experienced in passing the legislation. Under this bill the Air Service, about which there have been rumors of dissolution, will be continued, according to Secretary Baker, who stated that officers of other branches of the service will be assigned to the Aviation Service to assure its continuance on a proper scale.

OH YOU SATURDAY NIGHT!

A housing survey of a block in New York city shows one bathtub in 43 tenement houses, in which live 1,70 persons. The bathtub is the property of a saloonkeeper. It is for use by the owner and his family, and comparatively few of the other 381 families on the block have ever seen it. However, the fact the bathtub is in existence is one of the neighborhood prides.

U. S. General Hospital No. 19
buy most of its eggs from

The
Western Produce
Company

Doesn't this speak well for
Western Produce quality?

Ask your grocer for Western
Produce Eggs.

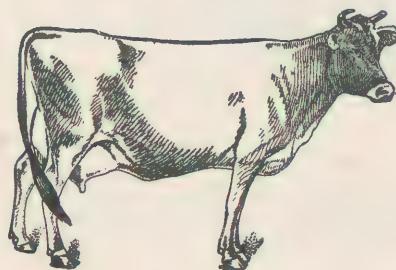
U. S. ARMY HOSPITAL No. 12

AND

U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19

USE

"CAROLINA SPECIAL"

Superior Milk Products

CAROLINA
CREAMERY
COMPANY

*Why Not Bring That Watch in Now and Have It
Repaired and Adjusted?*

FINE REPAIRING OUR SPECIALTY

J. E. CARPENTER

16 NORTH PACK SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*Are you getting a furlough soon? Or, maybe
your discharge?*

If so you need a Suitcase. Our line of inexpensive light-weight summer Suitcases and Bags is more complete and varied than ever.

Japanese Matting and Cane Suitcases, from	\$1.25 to \$8.50
Brown Hard Fibre Suitcases, specially priced	\$2.75 to \$7.50
Real leather from	\$8.75 to \$35.00

Bon Marche

The Corona Typewriter For Fifty Dollars

It's little and light—not as imposing in appearance as the big fellows—but it does the work of the big fellows, and not a whit less perfect. It's very light, very small and compact, may be carried in a grip or suitcase anywhere and available at all times for heavy work. See one in our big book and stationery store today.

ROGERS BOOK STORE

39 PATTON AVE.

PHONE 254

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

CENTROSA

100 PER CENT PURE PORTO RICAN CIGAR

5c, 10c, 15c, 2 FOR 25c

We believe the good quality of CENTROSAS will be appreciated by you. They are less injurious, because of their mildness and freedom from combination filler and artificial flavoring. On sale at your Exchange and all dealers in town.

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

T Room

WEAVERVILLE

Specialties: Home-Made Corn Bread, Rolls, Bread, Marshmallow Cake. Have Dinner with us and then go to the Dance Tuesdays and Fridays. Everything cooked under the personal supervision of the Proprietor.

IN KISSING AS IN MOST THINGS

She: "Truly, am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

He: "You are a darling; and it makes me happy to hear you say I am the first man that ever kissed you."

She: "If I am the first, how does it happen you do it so expertly?"

He: "And if I am the first, how do you know whether I do it expertly or not?"

THE SORROWS OF A PAY-ROLL CLERK

(Dedicated to F. A. G.)

He has a burden that's hard to bear,
His brows is furrowed with trouble and care,

You wonder why he has no hair,
Why, he's the pay-roll guy.

He does his duty like a Turk,
You need not ask if he does shirk,
That pay-roll sergeant lives on work,
For he's the pay roll guy.

He gets your losses and AWOL's,
He makes soldiers pay for those wedding bells,
He know the bank account that swells,
For he's the pay-roll guy.

Don't blame him harshly if you are shy,
He takes many cussings without a sigh,
He has reserved a throne on high,
For he's the pay-roll guy.

Garcia Grande CIGARS

A mild Havana for men of discriminating taste, is now on sale at

The Post Exchange

FURNISHED BY
The Rogers Grocery
Company
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

(Continued from Page 6.)

47 Inf.; Pvt. Julian P. Ligon, 26 Inf.; Pvt. Daniel Kosier, Prov. Co. A; Pvt. Thomas Sullivan, 5 M. G. Bn.; Pvt. Wm. Sullivan, 5 M. G. Bn.; Farrier George W. Robert, Supp. Co., 6 F. A.; Pvt. English Herring, S. O. A. D.; Wagoner Everett M. Stevens, Supp. Co., 6 Inf.; Pvt. Paul B. Agnew, Field Hosp. No. 13; Pvt. Markwood Pigot, 3 Am. Train; Pvt. Bunyon Andrews, 16 Inf.; Pvt. James R. Smith, 33 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Calvin Carter, 9 Cook Co.; Pvt. Hugh Nelson, 802 Inf.; Sgt. George Garry, 811 Inf.

PRETTY TOUGH ON THE WIVES, EH?

The high cost of everything is particularly binding on army officers who have no other means than their rather meager salaries.

The wife of one, a military man thus unhappily situated, advertised for a girl to do some general housework. The notice was responded to by a particularly neat and competent young colored woman. The details were soon settled—number in the family, hours for meals, days out, no laundry, how often the drawing room had to be dusted, when the silver had to be cleaned, etc.

"Ah, couldn't wo'k fo' less as \$50 a month," replied the candidate.

"But, Mandy, that's impossible. My husband is only a First Lieutenant, and we can't afford to pay such wages."

"That's too bad," replied the maid. "But, yo' see, mah husband he's a Lieutenant, too, and ah mu' have that much to keep him goin'?"

—*Fort Porter Reporter.*

She: "What's the shape of a kiss?"

He: "Give me one and I'll call it square."

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PER DOZEN. FOLDERS FROM
\$4.00 PER DOZEN UP.

Kodak Developing and Finishing promptly done. I will appreciate your business

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All we ask is an opportunity to show you.

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Spring Stocks Are Ready

You are invited to make selections from carefully selected assortments of the best that we can find—that the manufacturers can produce.

SHOP FOR MEN ON THE FIRST FLOOR
WOMEN'S AND MISSES' GOODS, SECOND FLOOR
BOYS' AND SPORTS DEPARTMENT
THIRD FLOOR

Full Line of Seasonable Sporting Goods Always in Stock

Beer

THE BEVERAGE

Served Ice Cold at
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Also on sale at Soda
Fountains, and Soft Drink
Stands in the City.

Asheville's Home for Styleplus Clothes

\$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00 AND \$40.00

DOUGLAS SHOES—\$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 UP TO \$8.00

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ENTRUSTED TO US WILL COME BACK TO YOU FRESH AND
CLEAN—NOT SHRUNKEN OR TORN. WE SPECIALIZE
ON SOLDIERS' LAUNDRY.

ASHEVILLE LAUNDRY

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

AWARD OF MEDALS WILL BE MADE IN NOVEMBER

Washington.—Award of the Victory medal to all officers and men who served in the navy during the war, will be made in November, it was announced today at the navy department.

The medals will be distributed by the commandants of naval districts, commanding officers at army recruiting stations, and at the war department. A silver lapel button will be issued for wear with civilian clothes.

THAT LETTER "E"

Someone has advanced the theory that the letter "E" is the most unfortunate letter in the alphabet, because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger and in hell all the time. But we call our friend's attention that "E" is never in war always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, and the commencement of ease, and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no meal, meat, life or heaven. It is the center of honesty; makes love perfect and without it there would be no editors, devils, or news. If it were not for "E" man would have no help-mate, for it was the beginning and end of "Eve." It starts the young man's engagement and completes his marriage. It is the most fortunate for it always comes in late and is always in time. It will make better butter and put a finish to the taste, and after all it has done and is doing, it is only the beginning of the end.



A New Portrait
Of You Would Please
Them at Home.

Make the Appointment Today
The Pelton Studio
Next to Princess Theatre

WELL-SPOKEN, SUZANNE

It occurred in Boston, the city of deep thought.

A party of French sailors were celebrating the signing of the Peace Treaty. They were clustered about a table in a quaint French restaurant in the backwater of one of Boston's cobblestone alleys.

Being pleasantly warmed with wines, and bursting with Gallic enthusiasm and fervor the party stood and cheered—

"Vive la France!" (applause).

"Vive l'Amérique!" (applause).

The calendar on the wall read—June 30th. A rather large-voiced woman who presided over the desk at the end of the bar from whence the wines were served, leaned forward, with a filled glass held high in her hand, and cried—

"Bevo! Bevo!"

PLEASURES OF GOLFING

His ball lay smothered in the pit,

The sweat was on his beak;

In five hard swipes he gained two yards—

And swore a dark blue streak.

The ball lay two feet from the cup,

The putter on it fell;

The ball went in, then wriggled out—

The golfer murmured "—"

Thus, having made a wretched score,

He sought the flowing bowl,

Alas, July the first had come—

There was no nineteenth hole.

Journal of the A. M. A.

The Four Stars Tea Room



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Meals served Daily, except Sunday
Lunch Hours—12 to 3 p.m.

Afternoon Tea, Club Sandwiches, Etc.
3 to 6:30 p.m.

Dinner or Supper
6:30 to 9:00 p.m.

Best Home Food at Moderate Prices

SERVICE A LA CARTE

MISSING

In Action

Gone! and no man can tell how it happened. This is indeed a tragic fate—and yet it happens in everyday life every day. Yes, if we fail to think about such things as saving money—it is pretty certain that we will drop out some day, and a human career shall have been lost. . . .

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BRISCOE FOUR

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The Red Circle Club

Everything to make
life pleasanter for the
Man in Khaki

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THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

PUMPS AND OXFORDS

Canvas, Reinskins, Kid and Calfskins. No imaginary values! But the Genuine Article at a Real Bargain Price.

You can come with the fullest expectation of buying unusual values and we promise you will not be disappointed.

100 pairs Genuine Peter's Reinskin High Boots, military heel, Goodyear welt sole. A positive \$8.50 Shoe. Clean-Up Sale \$3.95.

White Reinskin Pumps and Oxfords, with military and Louis heels, ivory and leather soles, \$7.50 and \$8.00 values. Clean-Up Sale \$4.95.

250 pairs dark brown English Oxfords, made by C. B. Slater, Preston B. Keith, Hannah & Limdren, values \$8.50 to \$12.00. Clean-Up Sale \$5.95.

THE LEADER

PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

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FOR THE NURSE

OUR LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT OFFERS FRESH SURPRISES DAILY OF UNDREAMED DELIGHT

Anthony Bros.
OUTFITTERS TO MEN AND WOMEN

Trunks —— Travelling Bags —— Suit Cases

TO THE A. N. C.

There's a legion of wonderful women,
That came from the east and west,
The north and the south sent their quota,
Each state sent its braves and best.

They came without trumpets or shouting
At the call of the grim god of war,
And gladly gave all without thought of re-
ward,

In the camps, cantonments and bases,
Mid the harrowing scenes "over there,"
They toiled for the suffering soldiers,
And the boys blessed their motherly care.
Their emblem the Cross of Geneva,
Their motto: "Just service, then more,"
They gladly gave all, that a soldier might
live,
That's the Army Nurse Corps.

Let us drink to these wonderful women,
A toast ere we part from the scene,
Let us drink—and then shatter the glasses,
As cavaliers drink to their Queen.
May the God that rules in the Heavens,
And the God of the land and the sea,
Ever shower the choicest of blessings,
On the women of the Army N. C.

—The Caduceus.

"I think the baby has your hair ma'am,"
said the new nurse, looking pleasantly at
her mistress.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the lady, glancing
up from the novel. "Run into the nursery
and take it away from her. She will ruin
it."

OLD ROCK T-ROOM

Hendersonville, N. C.

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CHICKEN
A SPECIALTY

DINNER PARTIES CATERED TO

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A great number of Soldiers at Oteen and Kenilworth have accounts at this Bank. Indeed, the number is so noticeable that it entitles this Bank to be known as "THE SOLDIERS' BANK."

Savings Accounts pay 4 per cent. interest, compounded quarterly. Open one today and you will have a tidy and handy sum to take home with you when you are discharged.

\$1.00 Opens an Account.

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